

4.
ON THE
DEATH
OF THE
QUEEN,
A
POEM.

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ON THE
DEATH
OF THE
QUEEN, &c.

When Kingdoms feel such mighty Strokes of
(Fate,
They ought to mourn not at the common rate:
For Vulgar Losses Vulgar Tears suffice,
A few weak Drops or Melancholy Sighs;
But when so great a Princess is no more
What Tears? What Accents can our Loss deplore?
In Art we shall but small Assistance find,
To tell the mighty Sorrows of the Mind;

The

The Muse that sings exactly we mistrust,
 Her Passion is not hearty, tho' 'tis just ;
 For real Griefs will artful Fancy scorn,
 Despising studied Methods, how to mourn :
 In broken Sighs our Troubles are exprest,
 And unaffected Numbers sing 'em best.

Let manly Sorrow then each Soul employ,
 Dispos'd to Trouble and averse to Joy ;
 All that was Good and Beautiful is gone,
 The Ornament and Blessing of the Throne :
Maria was our Honour, our Delight,
 She pleas'd our Ears, and satisfied our Sight.

When Fame had on her busie Wings convey'd
 Afar the Graces of the Royal Maid,
Europe's young Princes for her Favour strove,
 And with large Presents thought to bribe her Love ;
Maria all their promis'd Empires scorn'd,
 With generous Slights their worthless Suits return'd ;
 Till *Nassau's* growing Merit first did move
 Her Soul, and taught it early how to love :
 The Princes heard the Hero when he pray'd,
 Whilst Virgin Blushes all her Heart betray'd ;

Her

*Her Wishes were discover'd in her Eyes,
And the young Goddess was the Victor's Prize:*

*By Heaven she seem'd predestin'd to the Crown,
Which Merit, the best Title, made her own.
Her wondrous Beauty justified her sway,
For who, that saw her Eyes, could disobey ?
In her both Majesty and Meekness met,
A Virtue seldom found among the great ;
Such noble Sweetness in her Looks we saw,
Temper'd with Royalty and God-like Aw,
As mortified the Proud, and blest the Meek,
And courted wrong'd Petitioners to speak :
The Fierceness of her Hero she employ'd
When powerful Vice was fit to be destroy'd :
Yet tho' her Justice was so much rever'd,
The Mercy of the Goddess still appear'd.
Some Princes, who Maria's Scepter sway'd,
Us'd little Tricks and Force to be obey'd ;
But our fair Empress had no need of Art,
She reign'd in every valuable Heart.
On her few Enemies, when e're she smil'd,
Faction forgot its Fury and was mild ;*

Those Enemies begot by a Mistake,
Ador'd the Princess for the Beauty's sake,
Whose early Virtues with her Years increas'd,
And promis'd us the Blessing we posseſſ'd.
In all the private Actions of her Life,
The best of Women and the kindest Wife.

O *Nassau* ! What didst thou possess in her,
So Pious, Kind, so Dutiful and Fair,
To thee she yielded all her blooming Charms,
She lull'd thy Care asleep within her Arms :
In all your Toils *Maria* bore her part,
Your constant Dangers toucht her tender Heart ;
Your absence with perpetual Sighs she griev'd,
And with your Prescence only was reliev'd.
When Storms arose and Enemies appear'd,
When Statesmen cou'd advise no more, and Warriors
She was in Action bold, in Counsel wise,
Prevented all Attacks, and suffer'd no Surprize.

When at the *Boyn*, for Victory you strove,
And Glory seem'd too prevalent for Love,
Regardless of your Fate, when you rush'd on,
And dy'd with Royal Blood the Field you won ;

Fame

Fame represented to *Maria's* View,
 In dreadful Shapes, the Deaths that threatned you ;
 O then the Heroine began to fear,
 Her Frights increase, and in her Looks appear :
 Then all the softness of her Sex was shewn,
 Your Dangers shook her tho' she scorn'd her own ;
 With comely Grief her Beauties were increast,
 And pretious Sighs disturb'd her Royal Breast,
 Till your fresh Laurels at her Feet you lay,
 And your known Safety drove her Cares away :
 Then all her Graces with new Lustre shin'd,
 Her Looks declar'd the Pleasures of her Mind.
 Her dutious Maids, who whilst *Maria* mourn'd,
 Sigh'd nightly by her till her Lord return'd ;
 Then grieve no more, they all forgot the smart,
 And Love and Joy triumphs in ev'ry Heart :
 Now they contrive a thousand various ways,
 To please the Hero with their gentle plays,
 To footh his war-like Spirit into Peace,
 And make him condescend to be at ease.
 Love made the brightest Figure at the Court,
 Where Youth and Wit, and Innocence resort,
Maria, high, above the rest did shine,
 Her Mien most graceful and her Form Divine ;

In

Her Nymphs, who daily waited round the Throne,
 Who shin'd with Beams reflected from her own,
 In fair *Maria's* Absence, might have been
 Each taken for a Goddess or a Queen :
 But when our Princes grac'd the youthful Train,
 We soon distinguish'd who deserv'd to reign ;
 At hers, their little Beauties disappear,
 And nothing seem'd agreeable but her.

But oh ! the Goddess has the Temple left,
 Of all its Excellence and Pleasures reft :
 See the Remains of Love and Nature's Pride,
 Lies pale and ghastly by her Monarch's Side ;
 The World's great Lord dissolv'd in manly Tears,
 Pensive and sighing by his Queen appears :
 Around her see the dismal Pomp of Woe,
 How all in various ways their Trouble shew ;
 See their distracted Looks and hear their Sighs,
 Her Maids wild Questions and their odd Replies ;
 They beat their Breasts, they tear their lovely Hair,
 Despising every comfort, but *despair* :
 Like weeping Loves around the Queen they lie,
 And with their Mistress covet all to die.

Mourn,

Mourn, mourn ye gay Companions of her Court,
 Where now, alas ! you must no more resort ;
 Your Princess will no more her Palace grace,
 Dark Looks and horrid Sighs must fill the Place :
 O ! Let it ne're with Pleasure be defil'd,
 Let nothing there be seen but what is wild,
 Wild, as our Woes, let every Look appear,
 And Joy for ever be forgotten there.

Maria's gone, with all her Beauties fled,
 To bleſs the Mansions of the happy Dead :
 Let every Muse attend her in her flight,
 To the bright Regions of Eternal Light,
 Where born on Cherubs, through the Air she flies,
 And with new Glories gilds the nether Skyes,
 Whilst Angels blush and are ashame'd to own
 A mortal Being purer than their own ;
 Yet ſure of Blifs, when e're ſhe ſhould resign
 Her earthly Substance for a more Divine.

If it had pleas'd the Author of our Fate,
 We wish her laſt Ascension had been late,
 That by her means our Discords might have ceas'd,
 And Satisfaction reign'd in every Breast,

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That happy in some Princes of her Blood,
Great like our Monarch, like *Maria* good,
Her Subjects might have ever blest her Womb,
And paid in Peace their Offerings to her Tomb.

F I N I S.

